

Genoa, 27<sup>th</sup> April, 1854 (Wednesday Evening)

My Dear Friend

I have just finished my afternoon and evening stroll through this to me the first Italian city; the <sup>but</sup> ~~city~~ <sup>place</sup> of Lombardy, the rival, and even the Conqueror of the <sup>the</sup> city of the Doria, the proud Republic of the Middle ages, Venice, in that other proud Republic of the latter city are suspended huge pieces of the chains which were employed to bar the harbors of the latter city before 12 o'clock to day, and during our gradual approach to the town enjoyed the view to the full; both the distant bay it certainly deserves the name its citizens long ago gave it, - Genoa the Superba. You have the whole completely before you in one view; the buildings rising one behind the other, the fortifications that overtop the whole, with the vast mountain amphitheatre for a back ground. Or, to give you poetic instead of very prosaic prose, minding however that I saw it at noon-day, and Rogers in twilight;

Per the sea

Delicious gardens many; green galleries  
And marble terraces in many a flight,  
And fairy arches flung from cliff to cliff,  
Wilderings, enchanting, and, above them all,

A palace, such as somewhere in the East.

In Benarass or Arabie the best,  
Among its golden groves and fruits of gold.  
And fountains scattering rainbows in the sky.

Rose when Aladdin rubbed the wondrous lamp,  
Rich, if not fairy. ~~you are not much disturbed with the rattling~~  
of carriage wheels here. With the exception of one street, and this a new one (a trade-Nuova) at least as to its present dimensions, they are barely wide enough for a wheel-barrow and mostly too steep for a carriage, even if they were wider. The houses are very high, six, seven or eight stories being very common, indeed usual, so that the streets are narrow, chinks or crevices. It forms the same advantage from this as in Aragon and the other towns of the South of France, that is the perfect protection afforded these walls against the heat of the sun. You are free of shade, and the air is so dry that none of the inconvenience and unhealthiness results which would surely be the case in other countries. I am at the Hotel des Strangers not far from the quay, and my room five or six stories high looks down upon the Harbor and bay. At ~~is~~ nine o'clock in the evening, the light is burning quietly in the Phare, a tall and very slender column at the

entrance of the harbor, forming a beacon which is visible far and wide. I do not know as I may say that

"The scene is more beautiful far to my eye."

"Than if day or, her pride had arrayed it,"  
but it is much softer. The evening gun has just been fired from one of the batteries west the sea, the signal I suppose for closing the harbor, and the echo sent back by the hills on either side, was prolonged and weaker fainter and fainter for nearly a minute.

I have had a much better opportunity to see this place than I expected, which I owe chiefly to a piece of sheer fitness in the Captain of the Steam-boat in which I am a passenger. We learned on the way that the boat would remain here until tomorrow evening, which of course it did as it enabled me to spend the Sabbath more quietly, and avoid the necessity of journeying on that day, which at first seemed inevitable, as I waited two days longer at Marseilles for the next boat that started on Sunday. Onward we have -

We were by the arrangement to be fed on our passage as well as lodged \$5, and for all this, of course we have paid. But on arriving here, we were informed that we would not be allowed to remain on board, but that we must take care of ourselves until the boat started again. I suppose the same trick will be played over again at Leghorn, where however we shall not remain very long. I feel the less disposed to grumble because I find that Steam-boat cooking is the art of the same in the Mediterrean as on the Rotta River, and I am glad to get something a little nicer even at my usual cost. The boat is a very good one and the former much heavier, as well as more expeditious and cheaper than a land journey. The wind blew violently when we left Marseille, and it was quite necessary to get upon one's sea-legs as the sailors say. I made a hearty breakfast (11 o'clock) yet I must say that the next sick I could do very little execution at dinner, and was quite glad to spend the greater part of my time in a recumbent position. I had fortunately supplied myself with reading matter of my favorite sort at Marseille, where I bought two late numbers of the Edinburgh Review, one of which I have despatched on the way; the other I keep for Monday. The one I have read contains a deeply interesting article, the promised continuation of the famous one I had the pleasure of reading to you last summer, attributed as you know to Lord Brougham. The article in defence

of the unfortunate consort of George the Fourth, and which gave such an unmerciful lashing to that depraved mass, a very unfavorable but I fear true portraiture of his father and mother, as well as a masterly sketch of the characters of some of the most conspicuous men in public life in that day. The article in continuation is very interesting, though it does not possess the whole interest of its predecessor. I will send you the number. Indeed I hope before very many months that I may read you the article myself, which would be best of all.

The coast at Marseille and all of ~~that day~~ that I saw yesterday may be described in few words, — bare jagged, sterile rocky mountains, scarcely high enough to be picturesque, perfectly desolate of verdure, barely supporting here and there a few stunted olive-trees. We passed Toulon and had a distant view. We sailed between the main land and the islands of Hyeres, so remarkable for their fine climate and healthfulness, but they did not look very inviting to me.

When I rose this morning the scenery had become bolder and more interesting. We were where the Alps first come down to the sea, and we have since sailed along a coast so closely skirted by the Maritime Alps, — the chain which passing into Italy forms the Apennines — that there is scarcely room to construct a road between. The loftier peaks the whole way were covered with snow, in fine contrast with the grey and sterile cliff below and the dark blue sea which seems to have their base; for the Mediterranean has the deepest tint of mid-ocean quite up to the shore. There are many pretty villages also which either seem to hang on the mountain's side or to rise out of the water. In one place I counted twelve in a single view by no means a wide one. We passed Laro, the town where the bold and white Napoleon was master of Italy. Here the hills are more fertile, and vines, olives, and oranges are cultivated whenever they can find rock or soil enough to plant them.

On getting ashore about two o'clock I immediately secured a valet de place, which was quite necessary to save me time, and immediately set out to see the sights. The town is wholly built of marble, which with the profusion of palaces and fine buildings give it a

Very magnificent appearance. But they have continued  
in many cases to give it a gay gay & gaudy appearance  
by ~~sitting~~ painting the walls of many of the finest houses  
on the outside, in frescoes, or abseques, &c., and the  
architecture being that of the middle ages is now  
where classical, and altogether the town has a very  
oriental aspect, according to my notions. The church-  
stepples and domes are either like minarets or else built  
in the balloon style which you observe in parts of  
Constantinople and other Mussulman countries. The  
houses also have fountains within them, the  
hall in the basement story being most prettily,  
and tastefully decorated in this way, which seems  
all the more oriental.

I saw first the famous saloon in the Palazzo Verri,  
which is the most <sup>all marble, lapis lazuli & mosaics,</sup> ~~most~~ ~~handsome~~ ~~thing~~ you can imagine;  
the Villa di Negro, with its fine gardens that overlook  
the city, the bay, the surrounding country, and are laid out  
with great taste, ornamented with statues, busts, grottoes  
&c., of which I can give no description, - next the  
Villa Palavencini, which is just out of the city, and  
is most beautifully situated. The grottoes and fountains  
are perfect! I never imagined anything to be com-  
pared with them. It was now so close upon the even-  
ing now that I was unable to visit several palaces  
I would have wished to see, the Palazzo Durazzo particularly.  
I went however to the Royal Palace, which formerly belonged to  
the Durazzo family, and looked through it completely. It contains  
many fine paintings & statues, but the best ones, which the  
guide-books mention as here, have been removed to Turin  
where the court resides, and their places are supplied by copies.  
I saw the house which was given to Andrea D'Orta by the  
little Republic he had raised to such power. I stumbled upon  
it by accident, observing the inscription over the door.  
"Senat. Cons. Andreae D'Orta patria liberati munus  
publicum."

Close by is the little church St. Matteo, which was built by  
him, and where he is buried, with many others of the family, and  
his distinguished companions in the expedition against Ven-  
ice, when he set about bridling the steeds of St. Mark.

I saw the other most remarkable churches, and strolled about the streets until eight or nine o'clock, looking at whatever struck my fancy. The dress of the women of the better sort in the streets of the ladies even is very pretty. Instead of bouquets they wear a long piece of thin white muslin, or lawn according to the quality of the wearer, which is thrown over the head and hangs loosely over the body, reaching almost to the feet. And as they wear their hair a la Madonne, it gives them the appearance of the draped statues I often see.

Here you reach the land of beggars. In France, quite to my surprise you see as few almost as in New York, excepting Normandy, where they abound and follow the diligence most pertinaciously. Here they assault you continually. Figures of the Madonne begin to multiply. Scarce a house but has one, of wood, plaster, marble, or rags; according to the wealth of the master of the inhabitants. They are crowned with wreaths, with tinsel ornaments, flaming hearts are appended, even the pictures in the churches have the figures which represent the Virgin or the infant Saviour, or the saints with tinsel crowns or rays of glory fixed to their heads. But I should never have done were I to relate all the forms of superstition I observe here. I must not forget to mention that all the churches have a sign hanging over the principal door "Indulcera plenaria" and the larger ones "Indulcera plenaria quotidiana" Plenary Indulgence every day! These are kept somewhat in the back ground in France, but in Italy and Piedmont is but the beginning) the beast pushes with his horns.

Monday Evening, 5 o'clock, Francesco Primo

in the Harbor of Leghorn.

Ever dear Friend,

Being on shore at Genoa without my writing-desk I was obliged to continue my letter upon such paper as I could procure, so I will go on with the same for a while. I know you like thin paper, this I can't say I do. I must tell you of the pretty view I had

Saturday night. My room I think I mentioned looked directly into the bay, and also gave me a fine view of the Western part of the town, the mountains of that side of the bay, and peeping over them, the sharp crests of

the Maritime alps, still white with snow, and looking  
rather like bright clouds. Then a portion of terra firma.  
While I was sleeping soundly, about two o'clock in the  
morning, I awoke into the window directly into my face, and  
thinking it a pity I should lose so fine a sight, she awoke  
me. She was near her full, the sun in the middle  
of the bay at just the proper angle that the flood of  
golden light she was pouring upon the tranquil  
sea was reflected directly to my eyes. ~~The~~ The city too  
looked beautiful indeed, and the mountains, and even the  
alps were all visible. I enjoyed it for a long time,  
and went to bed again regretting that I had no one to share  
it (the scene I mean) with me.

There is or was a British Chapel here, belonging to the  
British Embassy, but I could find nothing of it, and so  
spent the Sabbath by myself, which was as well perhaps.  
At 7 in the evening our boat left and I was obliged to  
continue my voyage. I wrapped myself in my cloak, and  
slept soundly and quietly, and when we reached the harbor of  
Leghorn at five o'clock I woke refreshed, vigorous, and in  
the finest spirits. I obtained a light breakfast on board; at  
seven o'clock I was ashore, in five minutes more I was  
in a Cabriolet and on the road to Pisa, distant from here  
fourteen Tuscan miles, which make I should judge about  
ten English ones. My bargain was that I should be  
driven to Pisa in two hours at farthest, more two hours  
and a half there, and be returned again safe and sound  
before ten o'clock. This was easily accomplished, the jour-  
ney being made in less than two hours. I had the more  
time there; quite as much indeed as I wished. It is a  
great comfort to be able to leave a place the moment  
you have done with it, and prevents your being sated  
with it.

I had a letter and a little <sup>from myself</sup> parcel to deliver  
to old Lari, the professor of Botany in the University; so

\* There is a gigantic statue of Columbus, placed in a conspic-  
uous place and looking down into the harbor. They make very much  
of him now, as well they may: they deified him when living,  
they set up his image long after he is dead. Of course we  
are very much obliged to him, for if he had not discovered  
America what would have become of us.

I was dropped at the door of the University, once so fa-  
mous, but now far from formidable. I found Lari, for  
my letter, was introduced to his two sons, the one prof. of  
Natural history, the other assistant professor of Botany,  
who showed me through the Museum, which was inter-  
esting, the Botanic Garden, which was not much,  
I then set out to see the four chief lions, the Duomo  
or Cathedral, the Baptistry, the Campanile or famous  
leaning tower, and the Campo Santo. In fact the  
which all stand near each other, and are soon despatched.  
In fact they are the separate parts of a Cathedral; the  
Campanile being as the name denotes the bell-tower, and  
the Campo-Santo the burial place.

The Duomo is said to be the finest Cathedral in Italy,  
after Milan, and indeed it is a striking and strange building.  
It was built in great part of the plunder the Pisans took  
from the Saracens, as well as some they must have obtained  
from Greece or Sicilian colonies. On the eastern front  
particularly there is an immense number of colonnes, some  
of green marble, some of granite, and a few of porphyry.  
The largest antique ones are most beautifully  
sculptured throughout the whole length of the shaft. On  
this front are the three celebrated doors of bronze, covered with  
figures both in basso and alto reliefs. The middle one  
represents the Life of the Madonna, a number of compartments  
the whole surrounded by figures of saints & prophets, and an  
elegant border of flowers, foliage and fruits. The two lateral  
ones represent in the same manner the Life of the Saviour,  
and are the finest. They have not the grandeur of the  
superb bronze gates of the Louvre, placed there by Napoleon,  
but they are very curious. I have very fair engravings  
of them, as well as of the chief buildings here.

The outside of the Church is very rich; the roof is sup-  
ported by 74 columns, of which 2 are of oriental granite  
and each shaft of a single piece. They are of unequal  
length, but the architect has arranged them so skillfully  
that you can scarcely detect it. There are some highly es-  
teemed paintings, some curious Venetian and other Mosaics, fine frescoes,  
The chanting of the service, which was taking place when  
I was in the Cathedral was very fine. The high altar is very  
magnificent, being composed of gilt bronze, rich marbles, gold and  
lapis-lazuli; and two antique porphyry columns  
on one each side are very remarkable; they are some exquisite  
bas reliefs also. I have neither the time nor the means

to give you a full description, so as to convey any sort of idea to you, and would not bore you <sup>more</sup> with bare lists which must be just as dead of interest as the index to a book. The boat is about to start, moreover and I must conclude, I will not altogether omit to notice the Baptistry, a kind of Græco-Arabico-Gothic octagonal building very striking in appearance, with a fine dome, and the exterior garnished with pillars and pilasters stolen like those of the Cathedral from various sources. But within it is still more remarkable: it is fitted up very like an ancient temple: eight vast columns of granite and several marble pilasters support the dome. The font is beautifully ornamented with mosaics; it has a large basin in the centre for the immersion of adults, and several deep pits for the immersion of children, just large enough to admit an infant in the vertical position. This would show that these at least in the twelfth century baptism by immersion was still the common practice. The universal form of administering the rite. But the most beautiful thing of all is the pulpit, the work of Nicolas of Pisa who executed some exquisite bas-reliefs for the Cathedral, but ~~this~~ is considered far the best of his works. It is supported by four beautiful columns of marble rising on the back of lions: the sides are covered with the boldest and most tastefully executed bas-reliefs in Parian marble and oriental alabaster; — you see figures five or six deep. The first piece represents the birth of Our Savior, the others different scenes from his life on earth. The fifth, the last judgement. I then ascended the Leaning-tower, which has been associated in my mind with the seven wonders of the world, ever since I close remember. How often have I read descriptions of it, and longed to see it. The prints you have seen give you a very good idea of it. I saw one among other prints of Pisa which is very like, but it is plainer than any of the prints. I ascended to the summit, where the bells are hung, seven in number, a spiral stair-case between the outer and inner walls affords an easy ascent. It is 8 stories, about 190 feet in height, and declines thirteen feet from the perpendicular. I assure you that even the beautiful view did not tempt me to remain long. I felt amply afraid it would fall, and confess that I breathed much freer when I reached Terra-firma. It has stood in the same condition for five or six hundred years, but it will fall some day,

and I shall have no fancy to live in the houses beneath. But the view is very fine. Pisa is situated close under the hills which limit the valley of the Arno on the North, and just where this broad valley terminates in the vast and fertile plain that lies along the shore. You see on the north the mountains of Lucca and the snowy Apennines, and on the South as far as Leghorn all this plain is in the highest state of cultivation, as indeed all Tuscany is said to be, and the people seem generally prosperous and comfortable. Between Pisa and the sea lies the farm of the Grand Duke, when Camels were introduced many years since; they have multiplied largely, and are employed as beasts of burthen. In the forests the Cork-tree is said to abound. I saw one in the Botanic Garden.

The Campo Santo is an ancient burial ground, a vast rectangle formed of Gothic arcades, arranged like the cloisters of a convent. The point represents it very well. An archbishop who was contemporary with Richard Coeur de Lion and accompanied him in the Crusade brought from Mount Calvary a large quantity of earth which was deposited here and this structure was built during his life time or very soon after. The tombs, sarcophagi, frescoes, and sculptures which fill the whole place, which is very interesting and deserves a more particular notice.

I stepped from this place into the Cabriolet and in less than two hours was again in Leghorn, a busy and dirty commercial town but having nothing to interest a traveller. Here I saw convicts, chained two-and-two, employed in sweeping the streets. The vine in Tuscany is not kept close to the ground as in France, but is trained in arbors and festoons along the borders of fields ~~and~~ <sup>near</sup> wheat-fields, and when their leaves appear must add very much to the beauty of the country. One here could sit under the shade of his vine, which would be out of the question in France.

But the boat is leaving the question in France. On the right we can dimly discern the Northern extremity of Corsica. Elba we shall pass in the night, and some time in the course of the morning we

landed at Civita Vecchia. I have made the acquaintance of an English clergyman of warm piety, who is in ill health and has been obliged to reside for several years in Nice in the winter and at Interlaken in Switzerland in the summer, at both of which places he preaches regularly. He has travelled in Greece Turkey & Asia Minor, and passed much time with our Missionaries there, of whom he speaks in the warmest terms. His name is Hartley. We shall go on in company to Rome.

Rome, 1<sup>st</sup> May, 1839. Wednesday Evening.

And I am indeed in Rome. This is enough to repay me for long and tedious journeys and even for transient separation from friends, and when I leave this place I feel as though my face were set homeward. I feel it is something to be in Rome —

"the City that so long  
Reigned absolute, the Mistress of the world;  
The mighty vision that the Prophets saw  
And trembled; that from nothing, from the least,  
The lowliest village (What but here and there  
A reed-roofed cabin by a river's side?)  
Brewed into every thing."

— "Whence, as though  
Grandeur attracted grandeur, are beheld  
All things that strike, enoble; from the depths  
Of Egypt, from the classic fields of Greece,  
Her groves, her temples; all things that inspire  
Wonder, delight! Who would not say the forms  
Most perfect, most divine, had by consent  
Flocked hither to abide eternally,  
Within those silent chambers where they dwell  
In happy intercourse? — And I am there!"

I distinctly recollect the time, when a very small boy in the course of a long ride with a relative, the story of Romulus and Remus was first related to me, and how it struck my wondering fancy. And I recollect most perfectly my first lesson in Virgil, and now, commencing with "Anna virumque cano," slowly worked my into the mysteries of Latin prosody and the story of the Aeneid. Little did I think in those days that I should ever stand

within the "walls of lofty Rome" or climb the Palatine, and stand within those very walls "Where Virgil read aloud his tale divine."

My enthusiasm has risen by degrees, for I arrived here this morning, after a delay at that most wretched of all places Civita Vecchia, where an Austrian soldier stationed there told us he was sent as to a kind of earthly purgatory to do penance for his sins, after being subjected to those numberless petty exactions by which the purse of the Pope is replenished from the pockets of us poor Protestants, after tedious delays on the road, and a most uncomfortable ride

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for the whole night, which altogether is enough to  
put one in a bad humor with every thing. — after all this  
you may be sure I found myself in such a prosaic, care-  
for nothing mood that it was a long time before I could  
feel at the interest which the eternal city is calculated to  
inspire. — & fog in the morning prevented us from a good  
view on our approach; the streets of the modern town tho'  
which we passed were mostly devoid of interest, and we  
saw nothing but the dome of St. Peter's and the Castle of  
St. Angelo. However we got established at the Hotel  
d'Allemagne, and took breakfast. Mr. Hartert, being  
worn out by the journey took to his room for the day,  
and I was left to myself. This perfectly ignorant of  
localities here I was determined not to be deprived of the  
satisfaction of discovering the most interesting places for  
myself. My guide-book (Madame Harcke) describes objects  
somewhat particularly, but gives no information as to where  
they are to be found. I hate the chatter of a Cicaroni, and  
felt confident that I should stumble upon something  
worth seeing. So I climbed the hill just before me by a magnifi-  
cent flight of marble steps, when the Egyptian obelisk stands  
which the inscription says was found in the Circus of Sallust.  
I saw an imposing building at the end of a long avenue,  
on the summit of a rise which I afterward learned was  
the Esquiline Hill. On reading it and examining the  
interior I found by the guide book that "it was the  
Basilica of St. Maria Maggiore. These basilicas, retaining the  
name of ancient structures, are a larger kind of churches, which  
were mostly established upon the foundations of ancient tem-  
ples, or they were these temples themselves turned into churches.  
This I find is one of the largest to St. Peter's, and the in-  
terior is very rich and splendid, filled with the sculptured  
tombs of popes and cardinals, with ~~the~~ gorgeous chapels,  
and beautiful frescoes and mosaics. The forty Ionic columns  
which support the nave are all antique; they are of fine  
white marble, except four which are granite. After satisfy-  
ing my curiosity here, and noticing the Egyptian obelisk  
brought to Rome by the Emperor Claudius, which now  
ornaments the court on one side of the church, and the  
Corinthian column of Parian marble (taken from the  
Temple of Peace) which stands opposite the other front,  
I looked about to find some of the ancient town, but  
the view was obstructed by buildings. However I guessed at  
the proper direction, and after wandering through narrow and  
dirty streets for some time I caught a distant glimpse of a ~~the~~

portion of the Coliseum, and a few steps brought me into the midst of the ruins of ancient Rome. Though the amphitheatre at Nimes is in more perfect preservation and wholly built of huge stones, while this is partly brick, yet this is far more imposing, and quite surpassed my expectations. It produced a wonderful effect upon my mind, which increases the more you look at it. In company with Mr. Hattley I made a second visit to it this evening, just at dusk, and we sat for a long time in the centre of the arena enjoying the wonderful scene in the highest degree.

"Arches on arches! as it were that Rome,  
Collecting the chief trophies of her line,  
Would build up all her triumphs in one dome,  
Her Coliseum stands."

We saw it too at the right time, when

Of an Italian night, - the arae gloom  
Hues that have woods, and speake to ye of heaven,  
Floats o'er this vast and wondrous monument,  
And shadows forth its glory.

But to return to my exploration. As I emerged from the Coliseum I stood between the Palatine and the Caelian Hills, the arch of Constantine just before me, the arch of Titus in view on the right hand, and just beyond the Roman Forum, all crowded with ruins, the very soil is mouldering brick-work & fragments of columns. Here I spent the greater part of the morning, silent and undisturbed, finding out by the description the ruins as they presented themselves. The arch of Titus is very beautiful and in better preservation than I thought. It was built by one known in honor of his conquest over Jerusalem, and the bas relief representing the procession bearing the spoils of the temple very well preserved except a few portions; the table of the shew bread, the seven-branched golden candlestick, the jubilee trumpets, copied doubtless from the originals are still quite perfect - but the tables of the law cannot now be distinguished. Beyond this I can scarcely give you even a bare enumeration of the ruins and interesting localities I examined. - the ruins of the Temple of Peace raised by Vespasian after terminating the war with Judea; the temple of Romus, of which there are several columns, and the bronze doors, now forming part of the church erected on its site it is supposed by Constantine; the temple of Antoninus and Faustina, the inscription on the pediment still distinct,

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the place where the Rostrum stood, the Curia Hostilia,  
the Comitium, as now supposed, three beautiful Corinthian columns with the entablature, which have given rise to much dispute; the Arch of Septimius Severus; the temple of Jupiter tonans of which three columns of the portico only stand, but those are beautiful indeed. Near the capital of the columns the fluting still shows most distinctly and satisfactorily the Tyrian purple color, (discover'd also at Pompeii and also in Greece); so that, we cannot doubt that the ancients had the bad taste to tinge the columns of their temples in many cases with a bright red color. Close by this is the temple of ~~the~~ Fortune, of which eight Ionic columns of granite, composing the front of the Portico and two side columns, with the entablature still stand. Extending my walk to the right and left I saw the ruins of the Temple of Palladium, still half buried, and the Temple of Vesta, turned into a church, the columns in good preservation; - the ruins of the Palace of the Cæsars &c &c &c. - Next I ascended the Capitoline Hill which overlooks the Forum, took a peep at the Tarpeian Rock (from which I could jump now without much danger), saw the unrivaled Equestrian statue of Marcus Aurelius, the only ancient bronze equestrian statue of the ancients in existence except those of Lomposis, - the one which Michael Angelo used so greatly to admire. - no modern attempt can be at all compared with it; the Colossal statues of Castor & Pollux, with their horses, in marble, which look down the flight of steps leading to the Campus Martius; the two beautiful trophies, the Appian Milestone no. 1. which marked the first mile from Rome on the Appian way. Thence returning towards my hotel I fell upon Trajan's Pillar, with the ruins of an ancient Basilica which has been excavated in the neighbourhood; and also the imitation of Trajan's pillar, that of Antoninus which stands in another court not very distant. The Pope puts his name upon every thing here, and the Statues of St. Peter now stands on the pillar of Trajan; that of Paul upon the pillar of Antoninus. - The sculpture of Trajan's pillar is magnificent. I passed also the Fountain of Trevi, the finest I ever saw. I dined at half past five, and finding Mr. Hartley considerably recruited, I sent out with him, visited the ruins again by twilight, as I informed you, & enjoyed them much. Thus my first day in Rome!

Rome May 2<sup>nd</sup> 1849.

A refreshing bath last night and a sound sleep  
the perfect ~~After~~ morning and I rose this morning with  
renewed vigor. After breakfast Mr. Hartley and myself  
took a carriage to save time in looking up some scattered  
antiquities. We drove first to the Pantheon, the preservation of  
which is wonderful, and after all I had been told, astonishing to  
me, so great is the contrast even with buildings of later  
date. It may to all appearance last for ages to come. It is  
interesting to see the structure which has served so long as  
a model, and besides it is more imposing, and speaks to you  
in a different manner from the ruins I saw yesterday: it  
bears the marks of age, is truly venerable, and at the same time is  
so perfect, so free from decay, so majestic, it seems indeed  
"Spared and blest by time." It is fitted up as a Catholic  
Churche, as are all the ruins that will possibly allow of  
it, from which there is one good result, they are taken care of.  
We visited next a church or two in the vicinity and saw  
some fine tombs, a statue by Michael Angelo, &c. —  
went next to the Mausoleum of Augustus, of which there  
is little left to see, then passing down along the  
Tiber, and between the Capitoline and the Palatine hills,  
we obtained good views of the ruins on the latter, a con-  
fused mass, of which I was going to say I could give you  
no kind of idea. But I can refer you to a description  
as literal as it is terse

Cypress and ivy, weed and wall-flower grown  
Matted and massed together, hillocks heaped  
On what were chambers, arch crushed, column strown  
In fragments, choked up vaults, and frescoes steeped  
In subterranean darkness, where the owl sleeps,  
Deeming it midnight: "Temples, baths, or halls?"  
Pronounce who can! —

A longer drive brought us to the Protestant  
burying ground and the Pyramid, the tomb of Gaius Cestius,  
in a sweet rural situation; the city hidden from your  
sight you see nothing around you but green fields and trees,  
and here and there ruined walls or arches: — a most quiet  
and sequestered nook it is; — and every thing looks so different  
from Rome, — the pyramid unlike all else here, and the tombs

with English inscriptions and English names. — I would have been pleased to spend the morning here; but we could not linger. We stopped not at the tomb of Scipio, the sarcophagus, so well known by prints, and the many tombs in which it has been copied is now in the Collection at the Vatican. Next the baths of Caracalla, which are at considerable distance beyond the walls of the city, surrounded by green fields; the ruins are immense, and give a good idea of the architecture of the period. Finding that time would not allow us to extend our ride to the Catacombs, the refuge of early Christians in times of persecution, nor the tomb of Metella which possesses high poetical interest, we returned to the city by the Appian way, and talked of Paul, who eighteen hundred years ago entered this city by the same road, accompanied by the brethren who went out to meet him. We drove again by the Coliseum, under the arch of Constantine, and then under that of Titus, and dismissing the carriage walked up the Capitoline hill to spend the remainder of the morning in the Museums and galleries there. There are two, the Palazzo Conservatori, and the Museo Capitolino. We entered the Court of the first, and saw the fine antique statues that adorn it. The most remarkable are, the Statue of Rome Triumphant, with the Weeping Province beneath, represented by a young female figure with such an expression of sorrow. — The two Dacian Kings. — The Statue of a lion devouring a horse, weather-worn but highly beautiful, the bust and one hand of a horse statue of enormous Colossal size. — A similar bust of Domitian in Marble, The hands and feet of an immense statue of Apollo, Aностal column, taken from the Forum itself; and on the walls of the stair-case are preserved six large bas-reliefs from the Triumphal Arch of Marcus Aurelius in the most perfect preservation, and of most beautiful Sculpture. We passed over the rooms here containing Sculpture, our object being to direct our attention to the things most remarkable and worthy of notice, and not to be distracted with the immense collections of comparatively insignificant things. And all the remains of antique Sculpture is in the other Museum.

There is one thing here however, which we still hope to see viz. the Bronze wolf of such high antiquity, said to have been struck with lightning when Caesar fell. The masterpieces in the picture galleries, which though not then ~~open~~<sup>open</sup> to the public, were promptly opened to us by the hint of a fee. The collection contains many pictures of the first Masters, and selecting the best and most celebrated we enjoyed them greatly. If I did not think it tedious to you I should like to mention a few which I greatly admired; but I spare you.

The Capitoline Collection of Antique Sculpture was still, to be examined, of immense extent and un-  
rivalled interest, arranged in such a way that the rooms  
increase in interest one after the other quite to the last,  
which contains one of the choicest collections in the world,  
and among them is one of the three finest productions  
of the chisel known, and that one which of all  
others I was most desirous to see. The vast  
collection which it took us all the rest of the morning  
to examine cursorily, would take me a long time even to  
enumerate the most remarkable, so I must pass them  
over. It was a feast to us, and most instructive also.  
I have learned more of Greece and Rome in two days than  
all I knew previously. There are fifteen rooms in all,  
some of which are immense galleries, crowded with busts,  
Natus, Sarcophagi and vases. Among the latter is a celebra-  
ted bacchanal vase, and also a large bronze vase found  
in the port of Antium, which according to the inscription  
belongs to Mithridates Eupator, King of Pontus; and this  
inscription is said to exhibit the most ancient Greek  
characters extant. In the same room is a Mosaic  
representing four pigeons standing on a vase or bowl  
half filled with water. It was found in Adrian's Villa,  
and is described by Pliny. You see many copies of it.  
It is the most beautiful ancient Mosaic extant; indeed  
you would take it for a highly finished painting, and can  
hardly believe that such an exquisite work is composed of  
bits of stone. One apartment is nearly filled with  
busts of the Emperors and their relatives; and next to it is

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the Apartment of the Milosophers, containing antique busts of the poets & wise men. In the next room is the Statue of Hercules in bronze gilt, which was taken from the tomb of Cecilia Metella, <sup>and the one found in the Forum Boarium on which</sup> the gilding still almost entire. In the next apartment is the famous Faun in rosso antico found in Adrian's Villa, a statue of a child playing with a dove, the prettiest thing imaginable, and very many others of great value and beauty. The most remarkable things in the last room, the Statue of Antinous! the Faun of Praxiteles!! a semi-colossal Juno! a colossal Pandora! a semi-colossal Apollo!! and lastly that most famous, and indeed most wonderful statue, called the Dying Gladiator, which you gaze at by the hour. It is very doubtful what ~~the person~~ the figure was intended for; it is thought that it must be a copy in marble of the statue of bronze by Cresilans mentioned in ancient writings, which represented a "wounded man dying who perfectly expressed what there remained of life in him." I have not yet seen the Apollo Belvidere, the only rival to this, but I cannot imagine any thing to excel it. The famous stanzas of Byron must have been composed on the spot.

"I see before me the Gladiator lie:  
He leans upon his hand, — his manly brow  
Consents to death, but conquers agony,  
And his drooped head sinks gradually low,  
And through his side the last drops, ebbing slow  
From the red gash, fall heavy, one by one,  
Like the first of a thunder-shower; and now  
The arena swivels around him — he is gone  
Ere ceased the inhuman shout that hailed the wretch who won

He heard it, but he needed not — his eyes  
Were with his heart, and that was far away;  
He reck'd not of the life he lost nor price,  
But where his rude hut by the Danube lay,  
There were his young barbarians all at play,  
There was their Dacian mother, — he, their sire  
Butcher'd to make a Roman holiday. —

We left this collection, and for me I wished to see nothing more to-day; but Mr. Hartley was anxious to visit St. Peter's, so after dinner, just at sunset, we walked out in that direction;

And "to the dome,—the vast and wondrous dome,

To which Diana's marvel was a cell—"

Rome differs from every other place; nothing disappoints you here. At first view, however, impressed as you are by the majestic front and swelling dome yet you do not appreciate their vastness. But as you enter, it is stupendous! You are no longer deceived by its gigantic elegance.

Vastness which grows,—but grows to harmonize—  
All musical in its intensities."

I satisfied my wondering curiosity with a general view, leaving all the details for another visit, which we purpose to make to-morrow.

Saturday Morning, 4<sup>th</sup> May,

Another most interesting day, — there remains one most interesting collection to visit, and then having seen all the greatest works I have no heart for minor matters, and should leave Rome this evening were it not for the intervening Sabbath.

Yesterday morning we went first to the Vatican, the official palace of the Pope, an immense pile of building. It is not so magnificent in its architecture or so richly furnished as many palaces, but in the extent and value of the collections it exceeds every thing. Here and in the Museums I visited on Thursday there is very much more antique statuary and sculpture of every kind than in all the world beside, as well as the famous frescoes of Michael Angelo and Raphael. We went first to the Sistine Chapel, which is very plainly furnished, its chief interest consisting in the immense fresco paintings of Michael Angelo, one of which covers the whole ceiling, representing a variety of Scriptural scenes, Prophets, Adam & Eve, Sibyls &c.— The other is his picture of the last Judgment, and occupies the whole of the wall behind the altar. They are considered most wonderful productions. After passing through

a number of rooms and halls of lesser consequence, among  
the frescoes which cover the walls world elsewhere be  
met, we reached the famous rooms painted by Raphael.  
The rooms are pretty large, and each picture occupies the  
whole of each wall, so you may judge of the extent of sur-  
face which is painted over. I suspect that I could make but  
a single visit, one should see them again and again. The first  
room, the Hall of Constantine, contains a picture of Constantine  
addressing his troops at the moment when the Cross appears in  
the air: - the second is the battle fought against Maxentius: the  
third is the Baptism of Constantine; the fourth represents his  
Donation of the Patrimony of the Church to the Pope. This  
last and the battle are particularly admired; they contain so  
many figures and groups that they require a long study. There  
are admirable engravings of them, but these particularly are  
so costly that I have refrained from purchasing them.  
The engravings of some of the other pictures were executed  
years since, and most of them are poor, so that I would  
not have them. The paintings of the second room  
contain scenes from the Apocalypse, except the one over  
and around the window, which nearly cuts it in half,  
which represents St. Peter delivered from prison by an angel;  
and one painted in like manner around the opposite window  
which represents a Popish Miracle, an admirable  
picture, of which there is a very large and fine engraving that I  
would have bought were the subject more interesting.  
The third room contains the School of Athens, a cele-  
brated picture of which you have seen engravings, but  
the prints give you little idea of it. It is reckoned the  
best of all. Opposite is the Allegorical picture representing  
Theology, in which all the old Fathers and Saints are introduced  
What destroys our pleasure in viewing this and other pictures  
is the introduction of the Trinity, for the Pope and his agents  
does not hesitate to break express commandments, to say nothing  
of the abhorrence with which we naturally view such attempts.  
There is another allegorical picture called Transubstantiation, and a smaller  
and very fine one called Poetry, in which all the celebrated Poets  
are introduced.

In the fourth room is the fine  
in M. Borgo, near the Vatican which happened in the time of Pope  
Leo IV, a prodigiously fine picture, which has been poorly en-  
graved. The third other pictures in this room are less cel-  
ebrated, - one is the Coronation of Charlemagne. -

We then took a hasty survey of the Vatican Library which is not so very large in books, but is almost unrivaled in manuscripts, the numbers of which run up to 40,000. They are kept in presses, occupying each side of an extremely long gallery, - longer than the picture-gallery of the Louvre but not so magnificent. - The Saloon, also containing manuscripts, and many very beautiful works of art, vases, bronzes &c., is magnificent. The Librarian shows any of the manuscripts upon application, but we had not time to look. We stopped again into St. Peter's. Mr. Hartley, being in poor health was fagged out and sat down to rest while I took a detailed survey of this wonderful place. After all you have heard about it, I found it exceeded my expectations, at least the first effect was more imposing than I anticipated, for I was prepared for finding the apparent size much less than the reality, on account of the perfect proportion throughout and the want of anything ordinary to compare with it. I have much that I would say about it but must leave it for my next visit, and give you the whole together. When I left it I took a long stroll alone through the most populous part of the town, looking at Churches, obelisks, fountains &c., found some ruins I had previously overlooked, stumbled by accident upon an old church which contained the fresco of the Sibyls by Raphael, said to be his finest work of that kind, and extending my walk I came again to the ruins in the neighborhood of the Roman forum, examined those I had not especially noticed in my former visits, took another and perhaps a last view of those I had now become familiar with, returned there, tired, strolled out to the Piazza del Popolo, looked into a church, heard a portion of the Vesper service, beautiful chanting. Saw the grounds of the Villa Borghese, just without the gate, very beautiful and highly ornamented. Home, spent an hour with Mr. Hartley who is a most welcome and useful acquaintance, an ardent Christian, and evidently a very devoted minister.

After all this, and more than I can tell, you may well believe I was tired and ready for sleep.

Rome, Monday Evening, 6<sup>th</sup> May, 1839.

I regret that I lack the time, and still more the energy to give you some account of the thousand curious and strange things one meets with here, many of which tho' not forgotten, I cannot think of just at the proper time, but should God grant me a safe return there will be all the more to tell you. I have seen plenty of the worse than Pagan idolatry, and not a whit the less gross which prevails here, and while my memory is yet fresh and accurate as to particulars I will record some isolated examples I have noticed, tho' there is no time this evening. Here is the place to see Popery in its true colors. Let those who doubt if this be "that man of sin, — who opposeth and exalteth himself above all that is called God or that is worshipped, — let such spend a week at Rome, and see the working of the "mystery of iniquity," and be satisfied.

I am on the point of leaving. The price in the Mail-post to Florence is exorbitant (25 dollars); a letter would scarcely be cheaper for a single person, and they will be five days or nearly, so I am to go back to Civita Vecchia, rascally as the place is, take the steam-boat to-morrow afternoon for Leghorn, and thence to Florence, where I shall expect to arrive by the time the next mail-post from here does (Thursday morning) or perhaps a little sooner, and save at least 5 dollars. It is now eleven o'clock. The lettering is to start at twelve, and I must pack up. Mr. Hartley has spent an hour with me, and after a little season spent in prayer we have said Good Bye. I think I may expect to have two hours at Civita Vecchia before the boat starts, and I will post up my account of what I have seen here as well as I can. My feet are now turned toward home, and my spirits rise with the thought. It is so long since I have heard from you, and I hardly dare hope for a letter at Florence.